sings a mournful but beautiful ballad, which expresses the peculiar state of her emotions:

I love some one with deep, impassioned feeling,
That fact my heart is constantly revealing.
I cannot find out who he is,
I only know my heart is his,
I love, I love, I love him!
It's very sad to be involved in doubt
As to the one to whom your heart goes out;
To know not him for whom your soul has pined—
It's sad to love a man you cannot find.

Upon perceiving the Count she immediately pounces upon him as the long lost recipient of her ardent affections, but he fights shy of her embraces, and tells her that he is about to wed her pupil, Desiree, and has written to his aged sire for his consent to the marriage; whereupon enter Pomaret, Marie, Desiree, and chorus. Pomaret has a letter from the Count's father, who, it seems, has sent his reply to the Count's request to the old mercer instead of to his son. Pomaret is aware that the Count has written to his father for his permission to marry Desiree, and has brought along his friends and neighbors to hear the result. As they express it:

Now, we'll hear the joyful news,
The benison parental;
His aged sire could ne'er refuse
A bride so fair and gentle.
To see the breaking of the seal,
We're here by invitation,
Such is the interest we feel
In this communication.

Then follows the letter song. Pomaret opens the letter and reads it in the form of a song, the melody of which is peculiar, but very catchy. A novel effect is produced by the repetition of the last word of each line by the chorus, first the sopranos and then the basses. The letter is to the effect that the Count's father having never seen the lady, could not reasonably object, and he therefore leaves the whole matter in Pomaret's hands. This is highly gratifying to the Count and Pomaret, the latter because he sees the opportunity to consummate his cherished scheme of marrying his daughter to a nobleman, and the former because he knows that Desiree will marry him if her father commands it. They express their joy by dancing gleefully, when their hilarity is suddenly interrupted by an exclamation from Pomaret, who has discovered a postscript, which he reads: "P. S.—I will merely observe in closing, Mons. Pomaret, that should this marriage take place you will inevitably spend the remainder of your days in the Bastile." This puts a different phase on the matter, and a concerted number follows, which is one of the grandest musical effects of the opera. The chorus sing:

The Bastile! The Bastile! Oh, horrible fate!
There's woe in the clang of the Bastile gate!

This refrain the chorus continues throughout, as an accompaniment to the quintette, which follows:

Oh, a terrible place is the Bastile,
With dungeons deep under the ground
And in no place else can such a vast deal
Of Stygian darkness be found!
Oh, the culprit will find out his error
If he of his bravery boasts,
For he'll have no emotion but terror—
He'll have no companions but ghosts!
For the hair turns white
In a single night,
So ancient legends say;
And he who is led
Through its gaps, 'tis said,
Will nevermore see day.

The melody which is carried through this number by Desiree is one of the sweetest airs which has been written for a modern comic opera, and the blending of the voices of the other principals, the chorus in an entirely different movement, and the orchestral effects combine to make this a most stirring musical production. The Count sings to Pomaret:

But, my dear sir, you cannot help seeing
In years you are getting on well,
And the slight inconvenience of being
Hereafter immured in a cell
Will be only a peaceful retirement
From all the vexations of life;
It was kindness to you that my sire meant
Approving my choice of a wife.

At the conclusion of this scene every one departs except Desiree, the Count, and Pomaret. The Count suggests to the old mercer that he is rapidly sinking into the grave, and that it can matter very little to him, or anyone else, where he spends the brief remnant of his wretched existence, and that besides it would be unspeakable happiness to sacrifice himself for his daughter's happiness. Pomaret, however, does not look at it in that light, and orders the Count to leave the premises and never show his face in the shop again. This the Count indignantly refuses to do, and tells Pomaret that if he cannot remain as his daughter's suitor he will stay as a customer, and calls on the old man to bring out everything he has got, one article at a time. He calls for gloves, but they do not suit him, and he finally calls for "ribbons!" in so violent a way that Pomaret becomes alarmed and turns over the ribbon-box to Desiree.

The Count insists that Desiree shall pin the ribbons to various portions of his attire, intimating that he intends to be covered from head to foot. While she is performing this task, the Count kisses her hands repeatedly. Pomaret tries to interfere, but gets his fingers pricked. Pomaret finally thinks of an expedient to get rid of the Count, and, calling Marie, instructs her to take the Count's orders, and with a sarcastic speech as to the hour of closing leaves with Desiree. This plunges the Count into wild despair, and when Marie asks for his orders, he tells her to leave him in so wild a manner that she runs out alarmed. When she is gone the Count exclaims pathetically: "Even she deserts me!" He then rushes out himself, leaving the stage free for the first appearance of the tenor, the Marquis de Lavarre, colonel of the king's musketeers, who enters and sings a beautiful aria, "'Tis Bliss to Him Who Sips." This is perhaps, the most finished song of the opera. The Count enters hurriedly, and is about to rush off again when the Marquis detains him and inquires the cause of his woebegone expression. The Count states the case to his friend, who says: "Would your father consent to your marriage if Desiree were a baroness or countess instead of a mercer's daughter?" "Undoubtedly," replies the Count. "Then you shall marry her," says the Marquis. "But how?" "That's my affair!" and the Marquis raps on the counter. He sends the Count off, telling him to return in fifteen minutes. He summons Pomaret, who, recognizing him as the Count's intimate friend, thinks he has come to plead the cause of the rejected suitor, and is prepared to resist any influence in the Count's behalf, as he has no desire to take up his abode in the Bastile. To the old man's great surprise, the Marquis himself proposes for his daughter's hand. Pomaret is overjoyed, as a marquis for a son-in-law exceeds even his wildest dreams. The Marquis attaches a condition that the wedding shall take place within an hour, to which Pomaret gladly consents, and summons his daughter, and tells her that she is to be married in forty-five minutes. Then follows a concerted number and quartette. Desiree, though an extremely obedient daughter, dislikes being disposed of in this summary manner. Pomaret fails to inform her who the prospective husband is to be, and she naturally supposes he is to be the Count. She sings:

I'd not be indifferent were I in love,
For love has a wondrous power,

To which Pomaret replies:

There's plenty of time to fall in love,
We've given you nearly an hour.

Then follows a quartette:

The student of love, on its theory bent,
Has never yet fixed its time,
The period of its development,
In any age or clime;
For love may be born, and may wield its sway,
With all its despotic power,
In a year, or a month, or a week, or a day,
Or even within an hour.

In the dialogue that follows Desiree learns that it is the Marquis and not the Count that she is to marry. She very modestly consents and is led out by Pomaret and Marie to prepare for the ceremony. In this scene Pomaret, out of the abundance of his joy, succeeds in being very comical. The Count now comes in full of excitement and expectation as to the result of the interview, being entirely in the dark as to the manner in which the objections of Pomaret to his marriage with Desiree were to be removed by the Marquis. The dialogue between the two men which follows is most amusing. The Count, as usual, is all impetuosity, and the Marquis is extremely cool and quiet. When the latter states that he himself is to marry Desiree the Count's rage is excessive. He denounces the Marquis as a traitor and demands satisfaction at the point of the sword, and the Marquis is about to impart some weighty secret by way of explanation, when they are interrupted by the entrance of Laurie and the chorus. All surround the Count and congratulate him, thinking he is Desiree's intended husband. The Count endeavors to get at the Marquis, who has crossed to the other side of the stage. At this juncture Desiree and Pomaret enter, followed by Marie. All leave the Count and surround Desiree, the Count remaining moodily silent. Pomaret calls Marie and gives her various instructions as to the necessary preparations, such as ordering a banquet, securing the town hall for a ball, setting all the church bells ringing, &c., adding in an undertone after each item "for which my son-in-law will pay." He then sings what is perhaps the best comic song in the entire work:

Generosity's a virtue that evinces
The noble family from which I spring.
When our daughters marry marquises or princes,
We never fail to do the proper thing.
Now, if I find it possible to do so,
Within so small a fraction of a day,
I'll get the most expensive sort of trousseau,
For all of which my son-in-law will pay.

He sings two or three more verses describing the various things which he will do to celebrate the marriage in a magnificent manner, each verse ending with the line

For all of which my son-in-law will pay.

The chorus after each verse is

For all of which his son-in-law will pay,
For all of which his son-in-law will pay,
His excessive liberality
Approaches prodigality,
For all of which his son-in-law will pay.

Pomaret introduces the Marquis to the guests as his prospective son-in-law. Then follows the final scene of the act. The Count gets furious, and appeals to Desiree, but she says she must obey her father's commands. The Count then breaks forth with

Foiled! Betrayed! Left in the lurch!
But this shall not upset my plans!
I'll follow you into the church,
And there I will forbid the banns!

He becomes so violent that the Marquis puts him under arrest, and the act winds up with a dance and chorus, the music of which is very "Frenchy" in its character. Toward the close of the chorus and dance the Count rushes down to the center of the stage, parts the Marquis and Desiree, and attempts to draw his sword. Desiree grasps the hilt and prevents it. The Marquis directs the soldiers to seize him. They do so, and this forms the closing picture, and the curtain goes down, leaving the audience in ignorance as to how the intricacies of the plot are to be straightened.

The second act opens with a minuet in the ball room of the town hall of Amiens. The marriage is supposed to have taken place. Pomaret, highly elated with the pomp of his position as father to a marchioness, says, "Room for my daughter, the marchioness," whereupon Desiree enters, followed by Marie, and sings a beautiful waltz aria, with a chorus, after which she comments to her father upon the extraordinary conduct of her husband, who absented himself immediately after the ceremony, and, although the ball is now half over, has not made his appearance. Pomaret excuses it on the ground of military routine, but, upon being asked as to the meaning of the term, is obliged to confess his ignorance. He then announces that "supper's ready," and on the strength of the announcement sings the following song:

Though the spirituelle maiden
May discourse in language laden
With ideas that seem not of mortal birth;
If the supper is belated
She will grow less animated,
And her conversation savor more of earth.

Though the pundit scientific,
With loquacity prolific,
May discuss the deepest subjects of the day;
An apparent intermission
In his show of erudition
Will be noticed as the evening wears away.

A condition transcendental,
When our food is only mental,
May perhaps exist in ages yet to come;
But at present nature owes you
Neither nectar nor ambrosia,
But a more substantial sort of pabulum.

The chorus after each verse is as follows:

For the flow of reason flags,
And the conversation lags,
And the brilliancy of wit grows more unsteady;
While we eagerly await
For the host to intimate
The interesting fact that "supper's ready."

Here the long lost Marquis appears, and, after apologizing for his unavoidable absence, is about to lead Desiree in to supper, when Dumont, his orderly, enters and hands him a paper, which he reads, and, informing the guests that it is a dispatch requiring immediate attention, asks Pomaret to lead his daughter to the banquet. Pomaret leads her out and all the guests follow. The dispatch announces that the Count de Courville has escaped from confinement, and the Marquis has scarcely finished reading it when the window is thrown violently open and the Count appears on a balcony outside. Here follows a duet between the two men, a portion of which is as follows:

Marquis:
True friendship is something, as you are aware,
We seldom encounter in life.
Count:
But a token of friendship exceedingly rare
Is robbing a man of his wife.
Marquis:
'Twas fortune that sent me to thus intervene
'Twixt you and the fate you deplore.
Count:
So with Spartan devotion you came on the scene,
And married the girl I adore.
Marquis:
If I were your enemy, you understand,
I'd show it by taking your life.
Count:
But being my friend, on the other hand,
You're contented with taking my wife.

The Marquis proceeds to explain his conduct to his rash young friend, which may be summed up thus: It seems the Marquis had a sweetheart at a chateau some distance away, and he had recently obtained a leave of absence, eluded the besiegers, and succeeded in reaching the abode of his loved one at night, but only to find her faithless. A more favored lover knelt at her feet. Maddened by jealousy, the Marquis leaped into the room; the light was extinguished, there was a clash of swords, a cry as from a wounded man, and he rushed from the room. The next morning it was reported that the Duke de Chevannes (for so the rival was called) was assassinated. It is true that it was a duel, but without witnesses, and as such, by the edict of the Cardinal, punishable by degradation and death. The lynx-eyed emissaries of the Cardinal discovered all the facts, and three days prior to the day upon which the events of the opera occur the Marquis had received a letter from his eminence, notifying him that his life was forfeited, but that in consideration of his services he was permitted to seek an honorable death. "Within three days," wrote the Cardinal, "let me hear that the Marquis de Lavarre has preferred a soldier's death upon the battlefield to that of a felon on the scaffold." The Marquis tells the Count that in two hours the three days will have expired, and he will have ceased to live. A glimmering of his motive in marrying Desiree begins to dawn upon the Count, and it has probably already struck the reader. Knowing that he must die in two or three hours, he marries Desiree in order that when he dies she will be a marchioness, in which event the Count's father could not, of course, object to a marriage between his son and a titled lady. Upon hearing the story of the Marquis, the Count is overwhelmed with remorse and the conflicting emotions of friendship and love. As he expresses it, "Love bids me laugh, and friendship bids me weep." With a burst of generosity he tells the Marquis to live and be happy, and he will try and fall in love with some one else. But the Marquis tells him it is too late—his doom is sealed. And now while the Marquis goes off to make some final arrangements, Marie enters and sings a duet with the Count, which is one of the gems of the opera:

A star shone softly from the sky afar
Upon a maiden with a tender light,
And this remote, but ardent sort of star
Adored this maiden at first sight.
The star shone on with lovelight from afar,
Till morning dawned too soon;
But the maiden smiled not on the loving star,
Alas! she loved the moon!
A star may shine although the sun may rise,
And vanish only in the glare of noon,
But never can eclipse in maidens' eyes
The fascinations of the moon.
The moon went down, but still the star above
Hoped on and loved the maiden from afar,
And the maiden's heart at last went out with love
Unto the far-off longing star.
Although the moon than stars may be more bright,
Though maidens may the distant stars disdain,
The stars will shine with clear and steady light
When the moon is on the wane.

The Marquis enters and sends Marie off to tell his wife that he will rejoin her shortly, and Dumont enters with a message from the Cardinal Richelieu. The victim has no doubt that it is to remind him that his last hour is at hand, so without opening it he says: "Dumont, mount your horse instantly and ride to the Spanish camp with a flag of truce; you will there deliver this message: That the Marquis de Lavarre, colonel of the king's musketeers, will, within an hour, alone and unaided, capture the Spanish standard which now flaunts so proudly over the tent of their general." This, of course, is rushing to certain death, but the Cardinal's scaffold is equally certain, and by this means he can, at least, die with honor. Dumont goes off to execute his command. The Marquis then opens the letter and finds it of an import vastly different from what he supposed. It reads thus: "Among the papers of the late Duke de Chevannes were found indisputable proofs that he was in treasonable correspondence with the Spanish general to deliver the town of Amiens into his hands. As your good sword, my Lord Marquis, took this vile traitor's life, the king grants you a full pardon." The Count is overjoyed, and dances around in great glee, but suddenly stops and exclaims, "Hold on! Stop; this won't do at all!" "Why not?" asks the Marquis. "You married my wife on the express condition of getting yourself killed within an hour." "Very true," replies the Marquis; "but in the meantime I receive my pardon. I can't help that, can I?"

"Pooh, pooh! Nonsense!" says the Count. "You became her husband in order that she might become my wife; consequently, I consider her my wife."

"Hush! she comes! Leave us!"

"What! leave you alone with my wife? No, sir!"

The Marquis, however, prevails upon him to step out on the balcony, and Desiree, Pomaret, and Marie enter. Desiree takes him to task about his neglect of her, and he is at a loss what explanation to make, when a clap of thunder announces that a storm is coming up, whereupon Pomaret closes and fastens the shutters, locking the Count out on the balcony, and goes away with Marie. There follows a piece of concerted music, which is perhaps the most pretentious number of the opera. It begins with a recitative between Desiree and the Marquis, in which she demands an explanation, and he endeavors to evade it. The storm outside gradually increases, the orchestra imitating the sound of thunder and the patter of the rain. The Count outside, not relishing a wetting, begins to knock for admission. Pomaret and Marie put their heads in at opposite doors and listen, unseen by Desiree and the Marquis. They sing:

Ah, now I'll see what reason he will give for his neglect,
It seems to me a scolding he has reason to expect.

The Count, outside in the rain, sings:

It don't appear why I'm left here to suffer such neglect;
Does he forget I'm getting wet? to which I must object.

The Marquis and Desiree sing an entirely different melody at the same time, forming a quintette, at the end of which Marie and Pomaret disappear from view. The Count outside gets more impatient, and knocks violently. There is a sharp clap of thunder. Desiree throws herself into the arms of the Marquis. The window is broken open with a crash, the lights go out, and the Count leaps into the room. Desiree has become separated from her husband, and the three grope around in the darkness, singing a trio—a peculiar melody, but one admirably fitted to the situation. The Count and the Marquis each grasp one of Desiree's hands at the same time. She, conscious that there are two men, screams for help, and her cry brings in Pomaret, Marie, Laurie, chorus, and servants, with lights. A grand chorus here occurs, at the ending of which Desiree, Marie, and Laurie move off, followed by Pomaret and guests, who cast scornful looks at the Marquis and the Count, believing that the former was a party to the insult offered Desiree by the latter. The Marquis then takes the Count to task for his conduct, and when the latter suggests a divorce as the best way out of the difficulty he tells him that he has really fallen in love with Desiree, at which the Count shows signs of returning violence, and the Marquis takes him off with a view of writing a letter to Desiree explaining all. This leaves the stage clear for Pomaret, who, after cautiously putting his head in the door, enters and soliloquizes on the unfortunate fact that he is about to lose rank—by approximation—in the nobility, because Desiree insists that he shall go to the Cardinal and beseech his eminence to annul the marriage. This leads to a song, the first verse of which goes:

Gaze upon this form and on this classic face,
You will be convinced that I am of a noble race,
Note this refined position
This air, this style,
Peculiarly patrician—
This look, this smile!
My family of old,
Were navigators bold,
And owned the only boat there was at Ararat;
And this my pedigree,
Is quite antique, you see,
If you're collecting information, treasure that!

Each verse ends with the line, "If you're collecting," &c. The music of this, especially of the refrain, is pleasing and catchy. Laurie now enters and a very funny scene ensues, in which she makes love to him, and he finally succumbs to her wooing.

Pomaret asks her if she has not made some previous errors as to the identity of the man whom she has always loved; and she replies: "Perhaps so, but they were only episodes in the history of a faithful heart."

They sing a very pretty duet, entitled "Love May Wander," winding up with a lively refrain and a dance, after which they dance off, and the Marquis and Count enter, followed by Dumont. Dumont reports that he has carried the defiance of the Marquis to the Spanish camp and delivered it to the general himself, who sent back the message that if the proposition was not executed within the appointed time he should consider it not the chivalrous challenge of a soldier, but the insolent bravado of a coward. This spurs the Marquis to instant action, and he orders his horse immediately. The Count protests, but the Marquis is firm in his determination to die, notwithstanding he has been pardoned, as he dreads dishonor more than death. He gives the Count a letter for Desiree, with instructions to deliver it when he is dead. A song for the Count follows: "The Sword and the Musket and the Lance." This is a fine descriptive song. It starts in a martial strain, in which the Count sings about one son of France sallying forth to fight thirty thousand. From this it passes into a bolero, in imitation of the Spanish style of music, which the Count sings in derision of the Spanish soldier, accompanying himself on an imaginary guitar. He tells how the son of France sings his "Chanson militaire," and winds up with a martial air full of fire and spirit. This is an original and a very effective song. Desiree enters and the Marquis sends the Count off. A very pretty scene occurs between Desiree and the Marquis, which is rather of a sentimental character and ends by mutual declarations of love and a reconciliation. A beautiful love duet follows. The Marquis seems to forget for the moment his impending doom, but is brought harshly to a realization of it by the entrance of Dumont, who reports that all is ready. The Marquis, with forced calmness, takes an affectionate farewell of his wife, and hurries out, followed by Dumont. Desiree runs to the balcony and waves her handkerchief, totally ignorant of the desperate character of his mission. Marie runs in and tells Desiree that the Count is tearing about the corridors, tearing his hair and raving about killing 30,000 Spaniards and marrying their widows, and that he had just asked her to marry him, telling her that she would thereby save the Marquis and the whole Spanish army. Soon after the Count rushed in, pale and agitated, asking for the Marquis. Desiree tells him that her husband has just left her to attend to some trifling military duty, "Trifling!" repeats the Count in an aside. "Fighting the whole Spanish army!" He breaks the news to Desiree in a rather precipitate manner, and gives her the letter of the Marquis. She reads it and falls fainting in a chair. Marie, of course, follows suit, and the Count runs from one to the other in a frantic manner. The sound of drums, trumpets, and shouts outside rouses them, and in a moment the Marquis de Lavarre, alive and unharmed, enters, followed by the musketeers and full chorus. Desiree rushes into his arms. Then follows a grand march and chorus. The first verse is as follows:

The battle is won and the enemy has fled,
And now let the victors all with laurel wreaths be crowned,
While onward we march with a proud triumphal tread,
While the drums and the trumpets gaily sound.
Hear the loud triumphal chorus,
Hear us as we proudly sing,
How we drove the foe before us,
How we conquered for the king.
"Musketeers, surrender never,"
Came the watchword swift and low;
Then with shouts of "France forever!"
Boldly rushed we on the foe.
Roll the drums and wave the banners,
Let the bugles play;
Fill the air with loud hosannas,
France has won the day!

The music of the march and chorus is grand and inspiring, and is suited to the dashing character of the words. After this is over the necessary explanations follow. It seems that Dumont turned traitor and revealed the desperate character of the errand upon which the Marquis had set forth, and his brave companions followed him. They engaged the Spanish force in battle and routed them. At this point Pomaret hurriedly enters, knowing nothing about the reconciliation of the Marquis and his bride, flourishing a document. "It's all right, Desiree!" he exclaims, "Your marriage with the Marquis is dissolved?" Here is apparently another complication, but the Count, snatching the paper from his hand, reads: "Provided the parties are mutually agreed to separate." He tears the paper, proposes to Marie, who accepts him. Pomaret pairs off with Laurie, Dumont with Rose, and the Corporal with Gertrude. Everybody is happy, and the curtain goes down on a repetition of the inspiring march and chorus.

The selections which we have given from the libretto amply indicate the quality of Mr. Taber's work. The dialogue, or much of it, we understand, is from the gifted pen of Mr. John Madison Morton, of London, and we must admit that there are portions of it which are vapid, inoffensive, and commonplace. It is a pity that Mr. Taber's clever lyrics should be sandwiched in between patches of dialogue, which ordinarily might be termed fairly satisfactory, but from the very fact of their closeness to the delicate wit and playful humor of the American librettist, they seem stilted, old fashioned, and awkward. Taken all in all, however, the libretto is the best which has been produced on this side of the water. In very many respects it certainly surpasses Gilbert's jingling rhymes and quaint versifications, and it has a further point of commendation in that it has been written for an American audience. Mr. Sousa's music is the chief matter of interest in the performance after all. It is light, melodious, full of fire and vivacity, and presents an entirely new phase of individuality to those who have followed the varying moods of Offenbach, Suppe, Lecocq, Planquette, and Sullivan. Mr. Sousa's work marks the entrance of a new epoch in American art. From the very nature of things this country has not, and cannot expect to have for years to come, a school of music which shall be classed as distinctively American. "Desiree," however, is a long step in the right direction. Captious critics may carp and wax wroth over the advance which the composer has made in the field hitherto held exclusively by foreigners, but the sober fact will remain that these two Washingtonians have produced the first work deserving of the name of an American comic opera. There are but few dull plays in the entire score, and these are the result of an effort in a too ambitious direction. Mr. Sousa has seen fit to introduce several selections which would seem to be made suitable for a grand opera. The contrast, of course, is striking and startling, and it is largely a matter of taste as to the propriety of such an action. We desire to call attention to a notable peculiarity of Mr. Sousa's music aside from its spontaneity and brilliancy. From the opening to the closing bar there runs through it all a vein of originality which is totally different from that found in the works of any other composer of comic opera. It is a difficult matter to describe this vein, which is neither circumscribed to the tuneful and bright, sparkling melodies nor to the magnificent massing of the instrumentation in the concerted pieces. It is, however, a distinct and more enjoyable portion of the representation of the opera, and one which will completely refute any charge that this part of the work is in any degree reminiscent. We must especially commend the admirable manner in which Mr. Sousa has blended the musical shading to the sentiment of the text, whether it be the stirring march movement which hovers over and around the musketeers, the intoxicating swing of the waltz songs, or the delicate jingle of Pomaret's music. The score of "Desiree" offers something to the student of music far above the average of such works, and in the concerted pieces Mr. Sousa has been peculiarly fortunate in his selection of odd effects, none of which, by the way, having been made at the expense of the general popularity of his music. There is also solidity and forcefulness in the score, as well as bewitching and entrancing melodies which bubble with quaintness to delight the ear. "Desiree" is a comic opera without a pun or a shadow of indelicacy in either the scene or text. It should meet with a hearty appreciation from the Washington public, who have always been so quick to recognize merit in the works of others who live across the Atlantic.